

ARTISTS' COUNTRY

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ARTISTS' COUNTRY

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ARTISTS' COUNTRY

Edited by

C. GEOFFREY HOLME

with a commentary by

G. S. SANDILANDS

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INTRODUCTION

THE WORLD is getting smaller. We know all about it: and yet we know nothing about it until we are made aware. It is the special faculty of the artist that he can invest with beauty and interest a place with which we may be so familiar as even to have thought it commonplace. Moreover, artists usually find the places that still remain off the beaten track. With eyes trained to perceive beauty of form and colour they can be relied on to discover the picturesque in both likely and unlikely quarters.

This book, which may be looked on as a supplement to The Studio Special Summer Number of 1909 on Artists' Sketching Grounds, represents an enquiry as to where the painter of to-day finds material for his inspiration, by land and sea, in cities and in countryside.

Without in any way attempting to be an exhaustive survey of the beauty spots of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, it shows the painters' own pictures or sketches of the resorts of their choice, and as occasion arises Mr. Sandilands, who has written the accompanying commentary, includes their own verbal comments. This is not, therefore, simply a book of contemporary landscape, but the artists' own preference in landscape that may open up new horizons to the "travel-minded" within reach of our doors or within a few days' journey.

THE EDITOR



CAMBRIDGE

*Queens' College, "backs"
and bridge. Pencil draw-
ing by Sydney R. Jones*



Road Mending, Essex. By George Charlton

ESSEX

ENGLAND

THE oldest soil in East Anglia is called Kimeridge Clay. After this clay was formed came a long period when the land was part of the sea bottom. Slowly, shells from tiny sea creatures made a large bed of chalk. A hard material called silica filled the sponges and animals in the sea, and was left behind forming hard, grey flints. You will be reminded of these facts even in the entrance to lodges of imposing estates, especially if the nearby roads are undergoing repair. (*Road Mending*, by George Charlton, see above.) If you wish to make studies of the characters engaged in the oldest local industry you must travel to Brandon and sketch the flint-knappers.

In East Anglia artists would be attracted by the fascinating churches and castles at Sudbury, Boston, Long Sutton, and at Tattershall, where the castle is the best example of a fortified dwelling in England. (Page 10.)

Castle Hedingham (change at Mark's Tey, on the Colchester line) is worth a visit. Thaxted, not far from Bishop's Stortford (on a light railway five and a-half miles east of Elsenham) is inside the Essex border. Its five hundred-year-old church has a conspicuous, crocketed spire, pinnaced buttresses, and grotesque gargoyles. (Page 10.)



Above : Thaxted. The North Porch. Etching by Alexander Walker. (Twenty One Gallery)

Below : Tattershall Castle, Lincs. By F. L. Griggs, A.R.A. (Cotswold Gallery)

Of Cambridge, as of Oxford, any attempted justification in the little space available would be incongruous. The "backs" offer architectural studies framed in willows as lovely as Holland's best. (Page 8.)

Marine artists are being more and more attracted to Heybridge Basin. From Liverpool Street you can be in Heybridge in about an hour and a-half. Be wise, however, and take a longer route. Book to Chelmsford, thence take a bus to Maldon. On the way stop at Danbury. Alight at The Griffin and you are at the highest point in Essex.





EAST ANGLIA

Lovestoft, Water-colour by Frank Mason

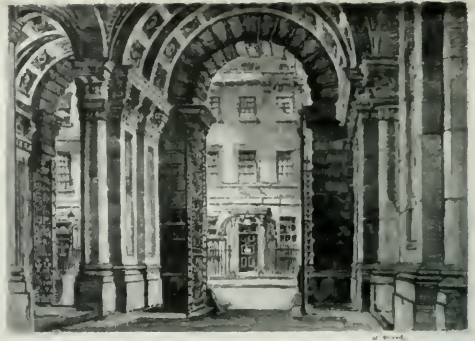


Entrance to Heybridge Basin, Essex. By Charles Pears, R.O.I.

The church is charming. The commons are magnificent. And, if you go through the churchyard to a little gate fifty yards beyond, you will have nearly all eastern Essex at your feet. But Heybridge, with its ships and its little pier and its shallows, must be painted. (*Heybridge Basin*, by Charles Pears, see above and below.) "The canal is reminiscent of Holland," says one artist; "the inhabitants are 'real': a sort of end-of-the-world place."



Heybridge Basin, Essex. By Charles Pears, R.O.I.



(Left) Horse Guards, Whitehall, and No. 1 Downing Street. Etchings by William Monk



The Tunnel, Baker Street. Etching by C. S. Cheston, A.R.E. (P. & D. Colnaghi)



Wapping Old Stairs. Etching by William Monk



The Strand. Etching by William Monk



*Baker Street Underground. Etching by
Job Nixon, A.R.E. (Fine Art Society)*

The artist who cannot afford to go voyaging will find inexhaustible material in and around London. Hampstead was good enough for Constable, and Keats wrote sonnets in the Vale of Health, where Leigh Hunt had a cottage and was visited by Byron and Shelley. Nowadays, there is the pond, with at least one eternal angler, and there are the clusters of cottages and the narrow streets. (*Vale of Health, Hampstead*, by George Sheringham, Page 19.)

Piccadilly is nearer the centre of things, and even in this cold cheese-paring age you may see it as a Baroque Dream if you study the proliferating style of Maresco Pearce. (Page 18.) In the museums, within a twopenny tube fare, there is a feast to be sketched. Taking pot luck at the Victoria and Albert Museum there is the King's Barge, the staircases, the shopfronts, and scores of other attractions to keep at least your pencil busy.

For studies of characters, wander through the Berwick Market, Soho, with George Sheringham (Page 19) and see humanity in the raw; or do a Derby Day on the spot at Epsom (Page 16) with J. Kynnersley Kirby, and marvel that the last word in vulgarity may, when transmuted by an artist, become the first word in art.

For London's moods, and London is as moody as a hydra-headed woman with a wandering headache, study the paintings and the sketching grounds of Algernon

Newton, whose Canaletto-like studies of London are well known, and see what wonderful atmospheric effects may be met with in his *Thames at Wapping*, a painting recently acquired by the Melbourne Art Gallery, as in *The Passing Storm, Regent's Canal*. (Opposite.)

Charles Cundall, looking over spires, roofs and smoking chimneys at the Tower of Westminster Cathedral, sees the "Smouldering City" of John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun."

The safe and dignified proportions of the Horse Guards' renaissance architecture (Page 14) is in ordered contrast with the stumbling stones of *Wapping Old Stairs* (the same page), and William Monk is versatile enough to make both etchings convincing.

The disembowelling of Baker Street brings to light a skeleton with an interesting pattern (*Baker Street, The Tunnel*, by C. S. Cheston, A.R.E., Page 14), just as a casual visit to the Underground Station gives Job Nixon a series of whimsical characters that the artist is obviously relishing. (*Underground Station, Baker Street*, Page 15.)

Wren's churches will always make an etching, and St. Clement Danes, Strand (built in 1681), with its memorial to Dr. Johnson and its fine old glass, is one of the favourites. (*The Strand*, by William Monk, Page 14.) In this plate the porch of the Gaiety Theatre is used as a solid support ; but the great mass of Bush House presents unexplored possibilities.

Viscount Snowden had in his sitting-room, while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, an etching by Harold Workman of No. 11 Downing Street seen through the gateway opposite. Mr. Monk uses a similar framework for a study of No. 1 Downing Street, (Page 14.)

The Home Counties teem with pictorial possibilities. Kent, the Garden of England, is unusually rich. The bluebell woods, near Malling particularly, are like colour lakes ; the deep green of the hopfields in the early autumn, and the chequering lights that flit and flicker in the long corridors between the supporting hop-poles call clearly



London on Holiday: Epsom Downs on Derby Day. By J. Kynnersley Kirby. (P. & D. Colnaghi)



Westminster. By Charles Cundall. (P. & D. Colnaghi)
The Passing Storm, Regent's Canal. By Algernon Newton. (P. & D. Colnaghi)





Piccadilly Circus. By C. Maresco Pearce



Berwick Market from a dressing-room window of the Globe Theatre.
Drawing by George Sheringham

to any artist whose chief interest happens to be pattern. Inside the oast houses, with strong Kentish labourers packing the hops, and outside, looking down the strangely shaped chimneys, you will see that Kentish landscapes are unique and unmistakable. (*A Kentish Landscape*, Page 20.)

The Weald of Kent is probably best appreciated by the artist taking the train to



Vale of Health, Hampstead. By George Sheringham



A Kentish Landscape. Etching by S. R. Badmin (Twenty One Gallery)

Sevenoaks, walking along the main street to Knole Park, keeping the great house of the Sackvilles on his left, dipping underneath some glorious trees and, still keeping to the left, climbing upwards towards Rook's Hill. From One Tree Hill he will have an unrivalled view of the great Kentish plain.



Canterbury. Etching by W. P. Robins, A.R.E.

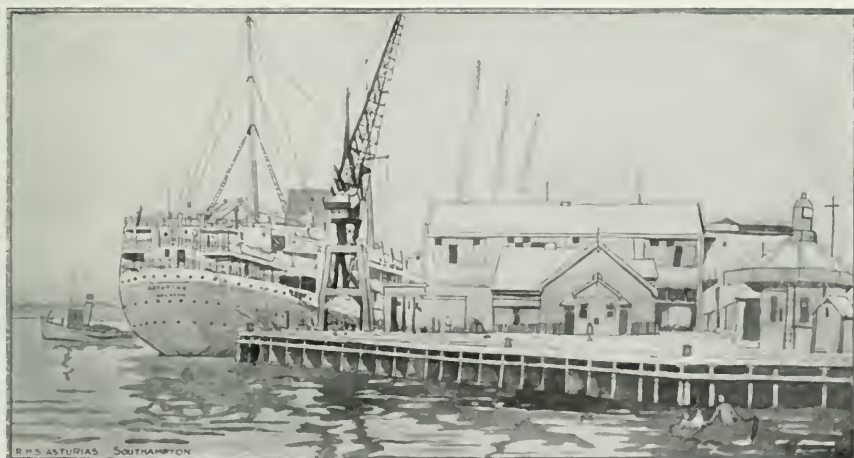


Near Brading. Water-colour by P. F. Anson (Cotswold Gallery)

ISLE OF WIGHT

Going by car or motor coach from Victoria he will be tempted to dismount at Wrotham Hill, and, later on, he will be thrilled by his first vision of Canterbury Cathedral, which, for a minute or two, stands serene and a little apart before the car goes downwards towards Canterbury. (*Canterbury*, by W. P. Robins, opposite.)

Go across to Sussex and take a glance at her farms, her downs, her harbours. Less than two hundred years ago you would have had to choose your time of the year for



R.M.S. Asturias, Southampton. Water-colour by P. F. Anson (Cotswold Gallery)

HANTS

obeying this injunction. The roads are better now than when a certain Dame Shirley desired to be buried at Preston, Sussex, "if she should die at such a time of the year as that the roads through were passable." To-day you may pass even the narrowest lanes. A thatched farmhouse, with a half-dozen trees weary with a load of centuries, is as certain a lure to most etchers as it was to Frank Brangwyn, whose home is at Ditchling. (Opposite.)

If you must concentrate on one particular district take the area that lies between Amberley, Arundel, Chichester and Bosham. The tree life is splendid; in Arundel Park the beeches are grand. The climate is bracing. W. T. Wood features the Burpham Trees (Page 27) and the rolling, cloud-chequered downland at Wepham (two miles north-east of Arundel) (Page 26), though he finds pleasure in the agricultural aspect of the part of the county and the many beautiful designs in the raised crops in the fields. *The River Arun near Amberley* (opposite), by Arthur Rackham, is a calm, unexciting landscape that is typical of the river scenery of the south coast, and Claude Flight's rapid sketch of a little town that is embroidered on the Bayeux Tapestry, Bosham (three and a-half miles west-south-west of Chichester), has a Dutch spaciousness in a creek where the tide, when high, flows round grassy islands. (Page 26.)

Rye is a town of myriad aspects. Built on a hill above marshes, it has a Flemish look about it. There is a twelfth-century watch-tower, a thirteenth-century Carmelite Friary, and a Gothic Monastery, as well as a gate (one remaining of an original quota of three) known as the Landgate. Rye's boat-building (Page 27) has given Martin Hardie an opportunity of revealing his austerity as an etcher, just as its pier gave to Sir Frank Short, in 1888, the chance of producing that "new classic to the art," *Low Tide, The Evening Star and Rye's Long Pier Deserted*.

Surrey, in the present collection, is represented by *Guildford* (Page 38), not because there is less artists' country in Surrey than elsewhere, but merely for considerations of space. Walter Spradbery, a poster artist used to noting the essentials, gives us a St. Mary's Church that is clean and simple in outline.

The south-west of England is the area that artists visit for longer and longer periods the farther west they go until they reach St. Ives and Newlyn, where they found schools and settle down for ever. On the way there is the shipping at Southampton (Page 21), and Cowes for the Regatta (first week in August) and the myriads of billowing sails. But the Isle of Wight has also pleasant farms (Page 21.)

Harry Morley, an artist with a deep love of the classical, finds a renewing of vigour in his *Dorset Landscape* (Page 39), just as Algernon Newton, a romantic realist, in another *Dorsetshire Landscape* (which *The Times* acclaimed the "picture of the year" in the Royal Academy a few years ago) showed the classical spirit of Dorsetshire. Truly a place that can be all things to all men.

River creeks with mills and the homes of peasants, and ocean creeks with doll-like harbours, and the homes of fishermen (*A Cornish Harbour, Polperro*, by E. L. Rawlins, Page 41) call to the comfortable minded who seek shelter. S. J. Lamorna



*Bath ; The Canal Bridge.
By John Nash. (Bath
Corporation Art Gallery)*



A Sussex Farm. Etching by Frank Brangwyn, R.A. (Fine Art Society)

SUSSEX

Birch, whose works usually sparkle, paints, in his Manaccan picture, in the broad way practised by Turner in his early works. (Page 43.)

Wareham is a place of great antiquity still surrounded on three sides by an old British earthwall. It has a five-arched bridge over the Frome and a three-arched bridge over the Piddle. (*Wareham*, by R. T. Mumford, Page 43.)



River Arun, near Amberley. Water-colour by Arthur Rackham, R.W.S.

SUSSEX



SUSSEX

Downs at Wepham, Arundel. Water-colour by William T. Wood, R.W.S.

HANTS



Bosham Harbour. By Claude Flight, R.B.A.



Burpham, near Arundel. Water-colour by William T. Wood, R.W.S.

SUSSEX

SUSSEX



Boat-building, Rye. Etching by Martin Hardie, R.E. (Twenty One Gallery)



Left : Highbridge, Somerset. Etching by Robert Austin, R.E.

Right : Castle Hedingham, Essex. Etching by Alexander Walker. (Twenty One Gallery)

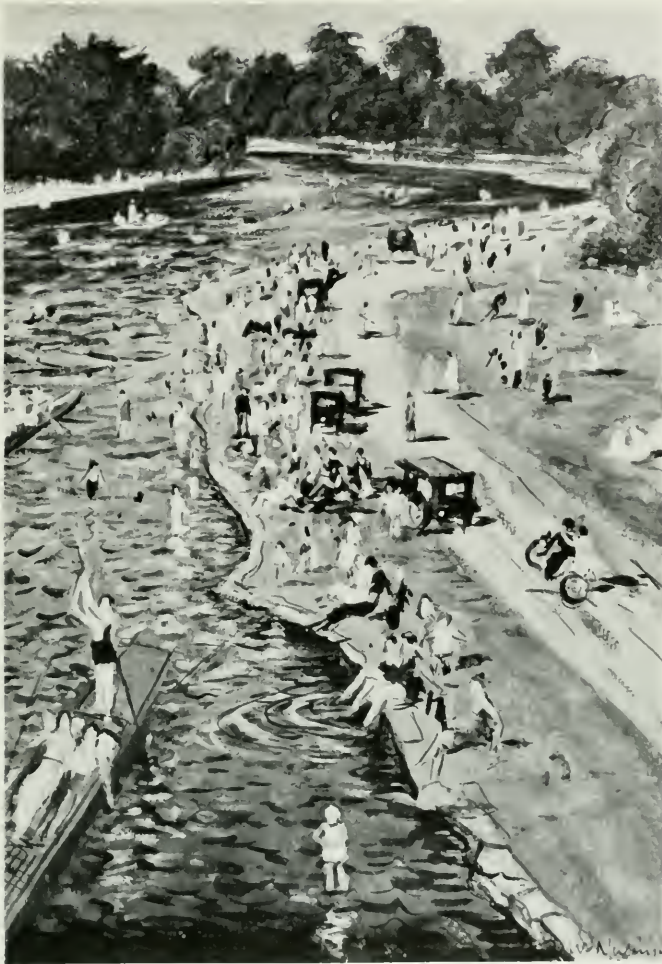
Newlyn and St. Ives are places apart. The former, in strong sunlight on a clear day, might be on the Riviera, and the latter might be one of Dürer's hill towns in Germany. (*St. Ives*, by Miles B. Sharp, Page 42.) The by-ways of St. Ives, its pier and its creeks, are thronged by members of the St. Ives Society of Artists. (*Coast Scene near St. Ives*, by Borlase Smart, Page 44.) Again, for the painter of bathing scenes there are the brightly coloured tents and costumes of holiday makers.

In spite of the enormous growth of motor traffic there are still many picturesque old smithies that must attend to the needs of agriculture. Inside these ramshackle structures, as well as outside, there is usually much material for sketching. At Axemouth, E. Bouverie Hoyton found an ancient place with a tree that must have grown up with it as a good companion and is now falling down with it in continued loyalty. (Page 42.)



BERKSHIRE

Two Berkshire landscapes in Water-colour. By G. R. Rushton, R.B.A.



*Walton-on-Thames. Water-colour by C. R. W. Nevinson
(Leicester Galleries)*

Perhaps a couple of centuries hence painters in the air age will be seeking out and transfiguring the rapidly improving garages of to-day. In those days places like Lyme Regis may regain their former glory ; for in 1750 Lyme Regis was a fashionable resort like Bath, with Assembly Room, etc. Interesting places in the town are St. Michael's Church (mostly fifteenth century with a thirteenth-century pillar), the old Market Place, a Jacobean Town Hall, and old narrow streets with steps leading down to the stream. There is an old water-mill and Lepers' Well (the remains of a



Left, and below : Blewbury Downs. By H. A. Budd, R.O.I.

Right : A Berkshire Farm. By the same artist

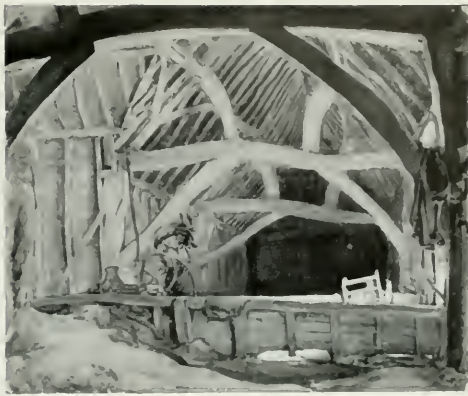
fourteenth-century Leper hospital), and there is Buddle Bridge, with an arch at least five centuries old. (*Lyme Regis*, by C. S. Cheston, Page 40.)

With the passing of so many Housing and Slum Clearance Acts, in the course of time most of these old towns will take on an entirely new aspect. Charles Ginner, with his relentless realism (*Through a Cornish Window*, Page 44), feels "a sense of the earth's construction" in a county where the tin mines were famous.

Spring and summer is the best time for the south-west country. Many of the lanes are literally primrose paths, and for the wanderer a day on a jutting headland, with a cheerful sky above and a sparkling sea beneath, is a tonic for the jaded painter. (*Summertime on the South Coast near Teignmouth*, by William Wells, Page 40.) The refuge offered by such a valley as Camborne (by Edith Lawrence, Page 41)



BERKSHIRE



Three Chesham Scenes. By John McK. Duncan

is equally welcome. Camborne is a market town on the Great Western Railway, $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Truro, with roads like the ribbons of a child's cap flying in all directions.

Among England's quieter counties, Gloucestershire whispers a claim for recognition. Its hills, the Cotswolds, are lovely places. Evelyn Gibbs has painted Wortley Valley (near Stroud) as a friendly and feathery place like a ruffle of swan's down (Page 35), and the Eastcombe district (which may be reached by bus from Brimscombe) provides H. Q. Henriques, who "is interested in variety in landscape," with rapid sketches. (Page 34.)

These smooth, round shoulders of the south-west, clad in garments that reveal rather than conceal their lovely contours, have been painted by F. L. Griggs (Page 35), a man who is usually gripped by the straight line and the strength of stone.



BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

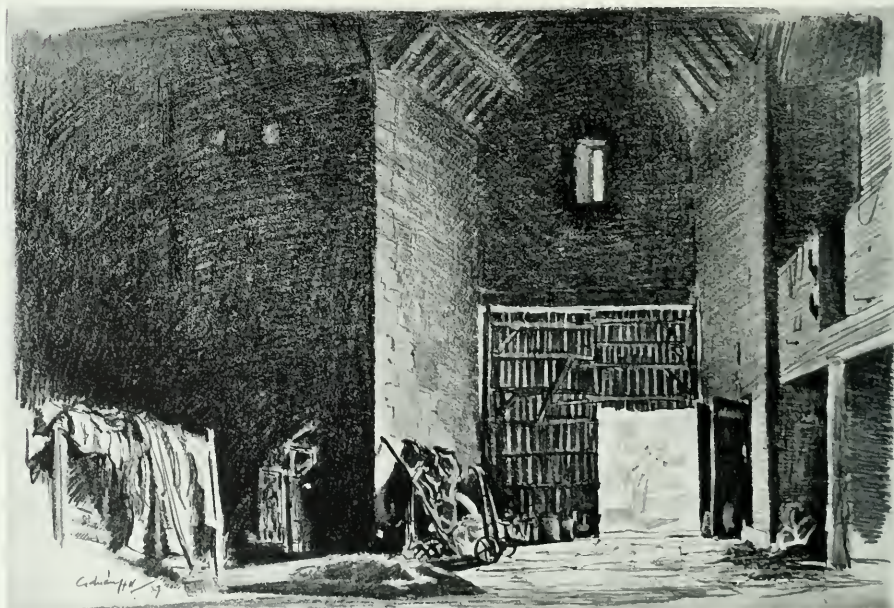
Country poverty, at least west country poverty, is a cleaner, more sanitary affliction than sea coast poverty. The life of the villagers is not so uncertain as that of the fishermen in the west nor so brutal as that of the pottery workers in the east. Hence, when work is scarce, the simple cottages, with their thatched roofs, can be kept in repair and whitewashed. Places like *Shepton Mallet, Somerset* (Page 38), in the Mendips, and *Priory Pond, Stroud* (Page 38), both by S. R. Badmin, are, each in its own way, representative of scores of quiet village farmhouses with a history of their own. *Highbridge* (Page 28), presented R. S. Austin with an opportunity to show his felicity in line.

Bath and Bristol, one a respectable town still redolent of fashionable days, the other a busy seaport, are both painted by John Nash with that apparently easy simplification which has been his special contribution to modern art. (Pages 23 and 45.)

The only city in all England that still possesses its walls entire is Chester, which stands on a rocky height over the River Dee. The place is full of "pictorial possibilities in architectural exercise." Charles Ginner gives us the *Water Gate* (Page 45) with his usual downrightness that makes the stones of one small corner seem like the bones of the entire city.

Notwithstanding the decay of agriculture, our greatest industry, farmlands, farm work and the weather upon which farming is so dependent will long remain a matter of economic, topographical and artistic interest to us.

Adrian Hill, the first official war artist, is one of the most quick-working artists of



OXFORDSHIRE

Old Barn. Pencil drawing by Adrian Hill, R.B.A.



Magdalen College, Oxford. Pencil drawing by Sydney R. Jones.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Two views of Eastcombe ; Water-colours by E. Q. Henriques

the day. His *Interior of an Old Barn* (Page 32) gives some idea of his convincing notation. *St. Martin's Hovel, Gloucestershire*, by Robin Tanner (Page 36) is a well-organised little etching dominated by sheaves, while the two stormy Berkshire cloudscapes by Herbert A. Budd (Page 30), and his study of "cosy" farm





Above : Wortley Valley, Gloucestershire. By Evelyn Gibbs
Below : A Cotswold Sunset. By F. L. Griggs, A.R.A. (Cotswold Gallery)

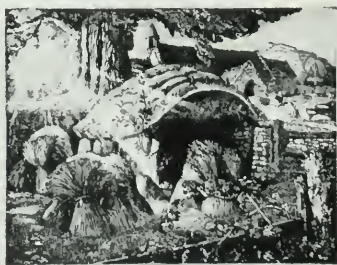




SHROPSHIRE

Ludlow. Drawing by Sydney R. Jones

life, with goats and sheep, and a dog and wind-tossed rooks, are a diversity of studies from ordinary material, while the three drawings by J. McK. Duncan (Page 31), prove that even in Metroland all is not suburbia, for the wheatstacks and farm buildings (many of them with magnificent beams in the interior), which he has seen in Chesham, look remote enough from London. Actually, if you study the map of London you will see that there are many unbuilt spaces between the terminus of the Central London Railway at Ealing and the more northerly stations on the Metro-



GLOUCESTERSHIRE

St. Martin's Hovel. Etching by Robin Tanner. (Twenty One Gallery)

SHROPSHIRE



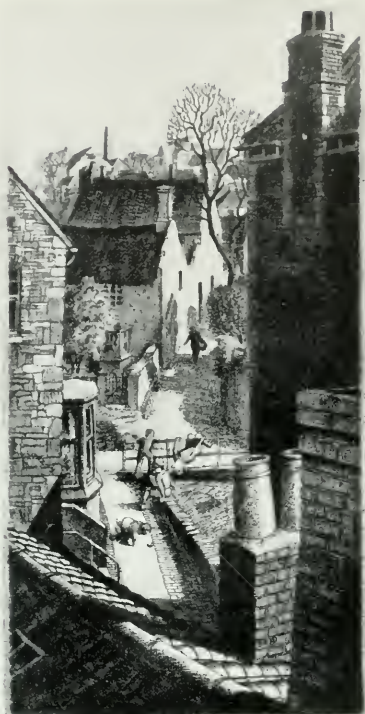
*Forest near Ludlow.
Etching by J. Wright.
(Twenty One Gallery)*

politan. Perivale, Greenford, Horsenden Hill, Northolt, are well worth exploring before the builder ousts the last of the farmers. *Walton-on-Thames* (Page 29) was painted by Turner. It is a place of flower-decked meadows, cedars, and bathing. Berkshire is a small county almost entirely surrounded by the Thames. Within its area are many pleasing sylvan scenes (Page 28.)



The Church, Northleach. Water-colour by R. Kirkland Jamieson, R.B.A.

COTSWOLDS



Shepton Mallet, Somerset. Etching by
S. R. Badmin. (Twenty One Gallery)



St. Mary's Church, Guildford. Water-
colour by Walter Spradbery



Priory Pond, Stroud. Etching
by S. R. Badmin. (Twenty
One Gallery)



Dorset Landscape. Water-colour by Harry Morley, A.R.W.S.

DORSET

About Oxford nothing new can be said. It may, however, be drawn. *Magdalen College* (Page 33) shows how Sydney R. Jones has done it.

On the main road to Cardiff lies a village, Northleach, that was once very prosperous in the old coaching days. It would not tolerate the railway. It suffered. But patience is certain to be rewarded. The coming of the motor coach, with a stopping place at Northleach, is bringing the village once more into the limelight. Kirkland Jamieson depicts an imminent storm in his well-balanced sketch (Page 37). Northleach is ten miles north-east of Cirencester.

A little beyond lies the district round Ludlow. It is known as the second Garden of England. The inhabitants claim that it is richer than Kent. Anyhow, there are as many wild daffodils at Ledbury in spring-time as would gladden the hearts of a battalion of Wordsworths. Whether you seek a forest glade (*Near Ludlow*, by J. Wright, Page 37) or a river with strong workmanlike bridge and a famous tree-girt castle, Ludlow (Page 36) will supply your needs, and, if history interests you, know that Ludlow was once a Roman settlement and the castle on the River Teme once a royal residence.

Though well supplied with rivers, England is not so rich in lakes. Nearly all the important ones lie together in the Lake District. Keswick is the centre of the



DEVON

Summertime on the South Coast near Teignmouth. By William Wells. (P. & D. Colnaghi)

district. Wastwater, which is three miles long and half a mile wide (*Wastwater*, by Alexander Walker, Page 46), lies at the base of a well-wooded precipitous steep. Keswick itself, on the River Greta, is beautifully situated in the midst of high mountains. Southey lived there.



DORSET

Lyme Regis. Etching by C. S. Cheston, A.R.E. (P. & D. Colnaghi)

CORNWALL



A Cornish Harbour.
By E. L. Rawlins

Barnard Castle is one of the favourite sketching places in Yorkshire. J. C. Moody places the emphasis on the river and the bridge. (Page 46.)

Castles and rivers lead one inevitably to Durham, which is situated on a rocky eminence nearly surrounded by the River Wear. Its castle offers boundless scope for painters. The cathedral challenges draughtsmen of definite accomplishment (Page 50, William Walcot). It will yield other treasures.

Camborne. Drawing by Edith Lawrence



THE WEST COUNTRY

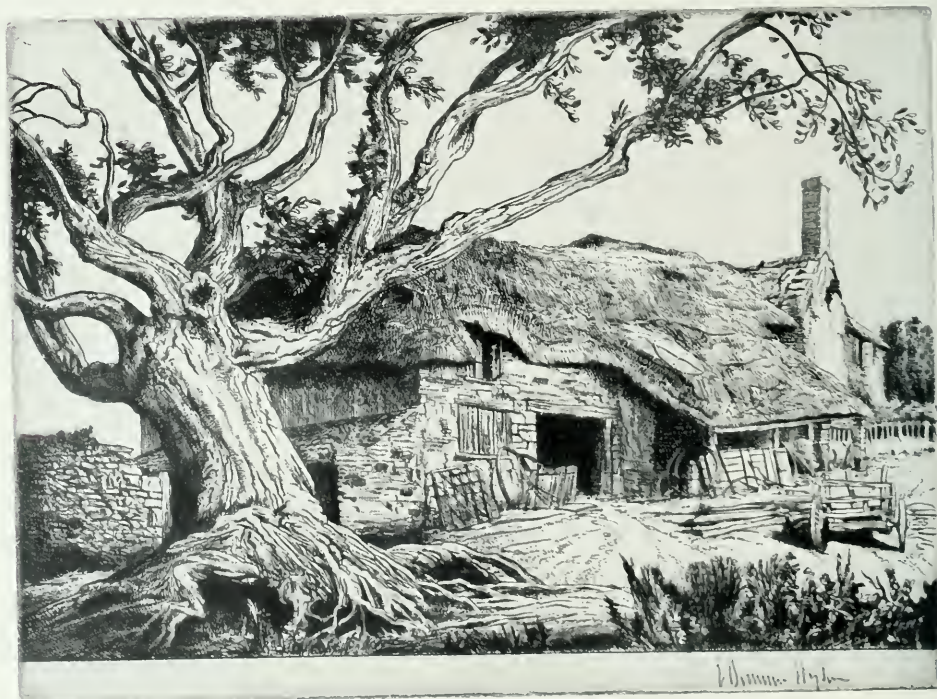
CORNWALL

*St. Ives. Etching
by Miles B. Sharp.
(P. & D. Colnaghi)*



*An Axemouth Smithy. Etching by
E. Bourverie Hoyton. (Fine Art Society)*

DORSET





*The Creek and Old Mills, Manaccan. Water-colour by
S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.W.S. (St. Ives Society of Artists)*

CORNWALL

R. L. Stevenson in his "Inland Voyage" described the serenity of canals. In England canals can be an industry in themselves. The clean treatment accorded to the *Barges and Buildings at Port Sunlight*, by Adrian Hill (Page 51) is



DORSET

*Wareham. By
R. T. Mumford*



Through a Cornish Window.
By Charles Ginner. (Victoria and Albert Museum)

consistent with the spirit of the place. In contrast, consider the turgidity of *The Potteries* and *By the Canal* (both on page 49), two etchings by L. G. Brammer. Indeed, Britain is par excellence the land of contrasts; there is perhaps no country in the world where the traverse of so few miles brings such variety both in the face and spirit of the land, nor one, moreover, in which travel is such a simple matter.



Coast Scene near St. Ives. By Borlase Smart. (St. Ives Society of Artists)

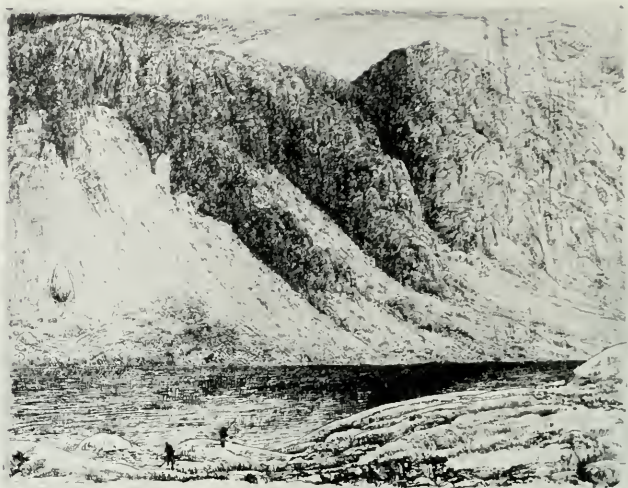


CHESHIRE *The Water Gate, Chester.*
Water-colour by Charles Ginner

BRISTOL *The Docks.* By John Nash.
(Courtesy of Edward Marsh, Esq.)



CUMBERLAND

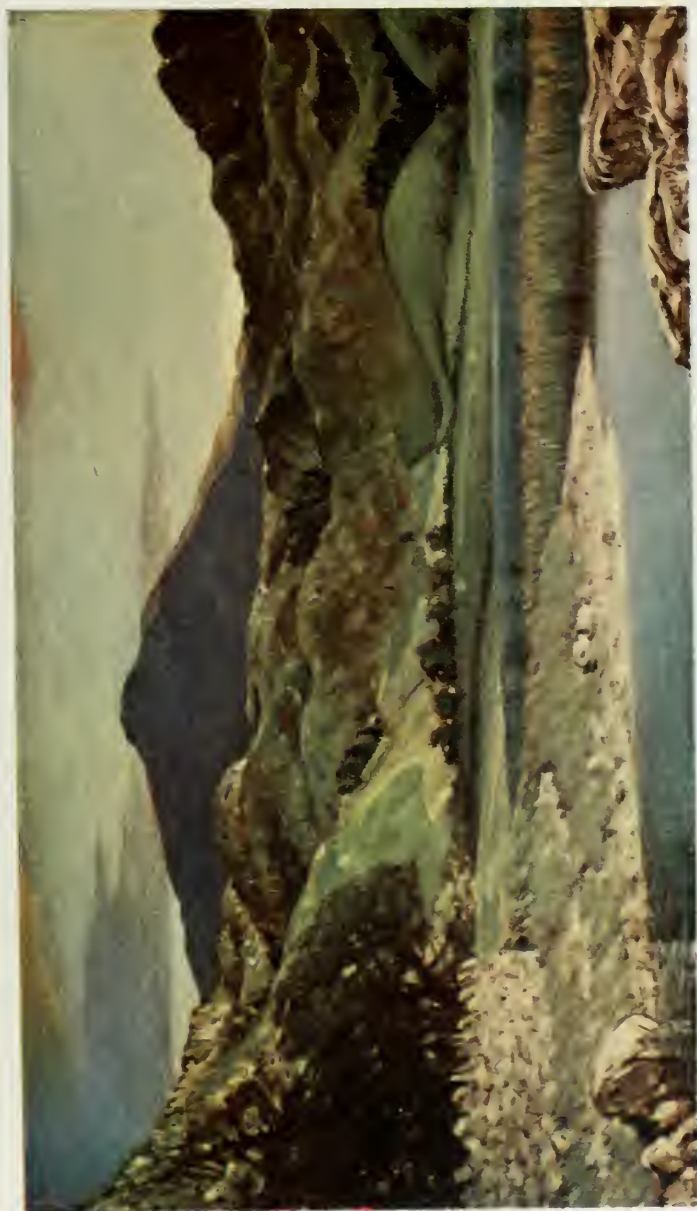


*Wastwater. Etching
by Alexander Walker.
(Twenty One Gallery)*

DURHAM

*Barnard Castle. Water-colour
by J. C. Moody, A.R.E.*





ENGLAND. THE LAKE DISTRICT
*Watendlath Tarn, near Keswick. Painting by Sir Charles Holmes.
(P. & D. Colnaghi)*



*The Potteries. Etching
by L. G. Brammer
(Twenty One Gallery)*

THE POTTERIES



*By the Canal. Etching
by L. G. Brammer
(Twenty One Gallery)*



DURHAM

*Durham Cathedral. Etching
by William Walcot, R.E.
(Fine Art Society)*



Barges at Port Sunlight. By Adrian Hill

CHESHIRE

Aysgarth Bridge. Etching by Anthony R. Barker. (Twenty One Gallery)

YORKSHIRE





The New Bull Calf. Water-colour by Keith Henderson, R.A.

SCOTLAND

BUT for its uncertain climate Scotland would be a painter's paradise. Within two hours' journey of Glasgow there is a choice of every variety of scenery. The rich, green meadows of the Clyde, the Falls of Clyde (Cora Lynn, Stonebyres and Bonnington), are much more inspiring, though less in volume than the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen, which inspired Ruskin's most glittering prose, the Kyles of

Bute, the Trossachs, with their million silver birches perched perilously on crag and boulder, and the lochs of every kind, mournful and bright.

For the artist who seeks strong colour and every variety of line and mass, Scotland gives satisfaction. If only a Scottish Cézanne would arise, people would know.

Whole army corps of firs, tall and straight, reflecting the unbending character of the Highlanders, are the important trees. In *The New Bull Calf* (opposite), Keith Henderson uses them as the protective allies of the young herdsman, "piece" in one hand, crook in the other, as he contemplates the dexterously painted baby bull. In other of his paintings, such as *Girls of Kentangaval* (Page 54), he catches the air of mistiness that seems in these stern regions to touch colourful cattle and fresh-complexioned inhabitants alike with a kindly influence.

The Scottish Harbours attract the painter whose draughtsmanship is strong. Stonehaven, on a rocky bay at the mouth of Carron Water (16 miles south-south-west of Aberdeen), and Pennan in Aberdeenshire, are worth a visit. (Pages 55 and 59.) The painter requiring more latitude may study her rugged coastline, but a wide-sweeping vision can include headland and island and harbour in one all-encompassing design. See *Dear Scotland*, below.

Dear Scotland. Water-colour by Keith Henderson, R.A.

SCOTLAND



THE NORTH

The Girls of Kentangaval.
Water-colour by Keith
Henderson, R.A.



Still comparatively unvisited by artists are the Orkney and Shetland Islands. They should be visited in the summer months, and the painter who goes north by train to Thurso, spending a day or two at Wick, will find other fishing places that have not been over-visited. The confirmed sailor may go by boat from Leith or Aberdeen to Scapa or Stromness. Stanley Cursiter revels in the "splendid cliffs and sea, and the broad simple landscape with constant change of effect," though the lone sheiling and the wide skies can be irresistible. (Pages 60 and 61.)

From Dingwall there is a branch line to Lochalsh, the ferry for Skye. This runs through the real Highland country, and at Auchnashan the coach route goes to Loch Maree, which some people say is the finest scene in Scotland. The illustration on page 62 (top) shows us the solemn, almost mournful Kyle of Lochalsh as it has been painted by Norman Wilkinson.

Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and Glasgow, the commercial capital and the Empire's second largest city, are both worthy of interest. There are many noble streets and historic buildings in Edinburgh; for instance, *The Tolbooth*. (Page 56.) Nor are the streets of Glasgow without their own dour beauty, as Muirhead Bone has borne witness; but it is in the Clyde and the accessible country round, to south and north and west, that the painter's interest will chiefly lie. Space will not permit of the extolling of the many virtues of Scotland's most important river. The very heart of Scottish industry beats in the shipyards of Partick and Clydebank, Govan and Greenock. (*Shipyards*, by Norman Wilkinson, Page 62.)

Scottish islands could do with a book to themselves. The Isle of Skye, with its mist-wreathed glens, its rugged mountains, and its splendid pinnacles, is worthy of a long exploration. *Glen Brittle*, and *Rock Pinnacles near Portree*, by C. A. Hunt.

Arran is nearer the lines of communication. From Ardrossan (easily reached from



*Pennan, Aberdeenshire. Water-colour
by P. F. Anson. (Cotswold Gallery)*

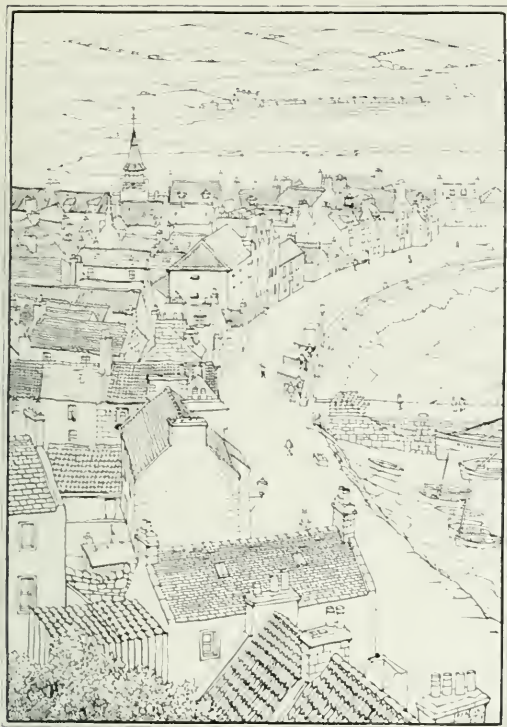
PENNAN



EDINBURGH *The Tolbooth.* Etching by Frank Brangwyn, R.A. (Fine Art Society)



Sunset over Lorne. Water-colour by Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A. (Barbizon House)



*Stonehaven, Kincardine. By
P.F. Anson. (Cotswold Gallery)*

*Ross. By P. F. Anson
(Cotswold Gallery)*





An Orkney Coast Scene, and Lobstermen on the Orkney Coast. Two paintings by Stanley Cursiter, A.R.S.A.





*Orkney Landscape. Water-
colour by Stanley Cursiter
A.R.S.A.*

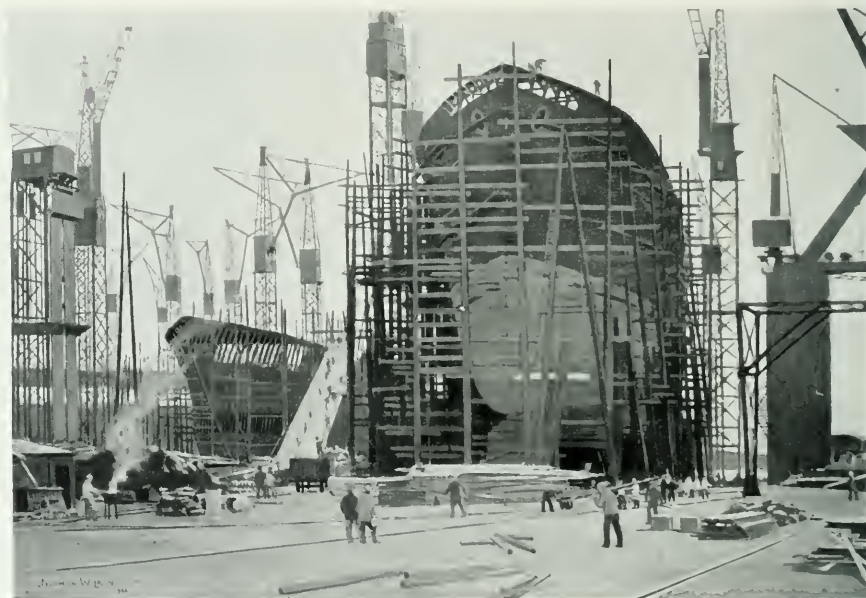


*Yesnabie Castle. By
Stanley Cursiter, A.R.S.A.*



Kyle of Lochalsh

*A Clyde Shipbuilding
Yard. Water-colours by
Norman Wilkinson, R.I.*

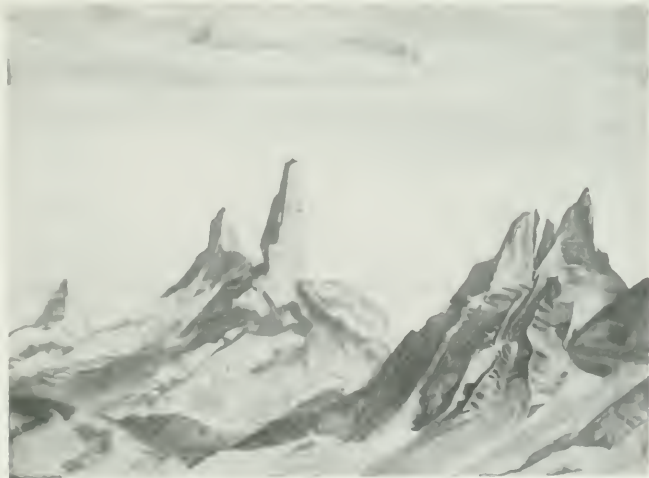


Glasgow) and the Clyde, there are frequent steamers. The most prominent feature in the island is the mountain Goat Fell, nearly 3,000 feet high. (See E. A. Taylor, Page 65.) From its sides slope the delightful glens of Rosie and Sannox, painted by Stewart Orr (see page 64), and gentler slopes peopled by a mere handful of inhabitants and a few mountain sheep. Summer is the best time to paint Arran.

The steamer will take you to Corrie (Page 65), but to appreciate the grandeur of the island you should walk right across its breadth from Lamlash (a great holiday resort, much animation and bathing) taking in the homely village of Corrie cravie and going over Goat Fell. There are no rivers in Arran—only rivulets. But they know their job. One of them tumbles over a precipice 300 feet high.



Glen Brittle, Skye



*Rock Pinnacles near
Portree. Water-colours by
C. A. Hunt, R. W. S.*



In Coire na Ciche, Sannox. Water-colour by Stewart Orr, R.S.A.



Landscapes by Stewart Orr, R.S.A.

A bit of the Village



*The Corner House
Post Corrie*



*Goat Fell. Water-
colours by E. A.
Taylor*





CONNEMARA

*A Typical Landscape. Water-
colour by Ethelbert White*



Cashelnagore, Donegal. Drawing by Randolph Schwabe

I R E L A N D

THE climate of Ireland is more equable than that of England. Heat Waves and Great Frosts of the historic kind are rarely recorded.

The present generation knows less of Ireland than did its predecessors. It is easily accessible through Waterford and Cork in the south, through Dublin in the centre, and through Belfast (and lesser places) in the north.

The painter who visits County Down "on duty" should go a little way up Belfast Lough and look west into the sunset. He will understand, when he sees these pillars of flame and smoke on an autumn evening, why there is a prophetic touch about these irreconcilable northerners.

Letitia M. Hamilton, who lives in Ireland, paints the Mountains of Mourne (*Slieve Donard*, Page 73), not as they "sweep down to the sea," as they do in the efficiently sentimental song, but on their landward side, and in *A Breezy Day* (Page 73) there is a freshness in field and cloud one would expect in a country that is nearly all within reach of the ocean.

Annalong, with its coastguard station, is a fishing village in County Down, seven miles south of Newcastle.

Due west from Dublin by rail lies Connemara. Painters who would avoid mists will not visit it in winter. It borders two great lakes—Loch Corrib and Loch Mask. There is a sense of unutterable loneliness in this part of Galway. Even the very harbours themselves are lonely. The mountains are more desolate than ordinary

CONNEMARA

The Rainbow, Twelve Pins, Connemara. By Allan Gwynne Jones



mountains : see *The Little Killerries*, by Letitia M. Hamilton (Page 71), *The Rainbow, Twelve Pins*, by Gwynne Jones (see above), and the most strongly accented in the present Irish collection, *Connemara Landscape*, by Ethelbert White (Page 66). The mountains are not very high, the Twelve Pins (or Bens) not exceeding 2,700 feet, and, although in their sides lie great masses of granite, there is not granite strength in the landscape, but rather a sense of gloom and of thwarting, a feeling imparted also by the isolation of *Cape Clear* (Page 71), the most southerly point in Ireland.

In road and bridge, in wall of farm and wall of house, there is a quality of greyness unrelieved by the colour of the straw thatching on some of the older cottages ; but Randolph Schwabe believes that the remarkable mountain and lake scenery near Cashelnagore (Donegal) is probably the most lovely in the British Isles. It is on the Burton Port Extension of the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway. (Pages 67 and 72.) *Achill Island* (opposite) is reckoned to be within the County of Mayo. Its desolation is indescribable. Most of the surface is boggy. About one-hundredth part of it is cultivated. Its villages could be counted on the fingers of one hand. On its moors there is an occasional isolated hovel so wretched as to be hardly fit for beasts. Achill rises towards the north and west coast where Achill Head, composed, like the rest of the island, wholly of mica slate, is a sheer precipice from its peak to the sea, a height of 2,192 feet. Only heroes and heroines paint Achill.

Ireland for the artist willing to study it in contemplative mood is something more than lovely Killarney. There are compositions to be wrought out of the flowing lines of the hills that rise up here and there on the edge of the Bog of Allen and on the long coastline, and there is good drawing to be had on the basis of solid rock and unwindowed farmhouse with a single hill in the background. Unlike her people, Ireland is lacking in fine frenzies, but to the sincere seeker she offers many gifts.



ACHILL ISLAND, CONNEMARA

*Fisherman's Cottage. Painting by
Letitia M. Hamilton*



Above : The Little Killeries, Connemara. By Letitia M. Hamilton. Below : Cape Clear. By Katharine F. Clausen





DONEGAL

Cashelnagore. Two landscapes in water-colour by Randolph Schwabe, who looks on this mountain and lake scenery as "probably the most lovely in the British Isles"



Annalong, County Down. Painting by Letitia M. Hamilton



A Breezy Day, County Down. By Letitia Hamilton



Slieve Donard. The Mountains of Mourne. By Letitia Hamilton

WALES

IN Monmouthshire Symond's Yat and Tintern are well known. And Llanthony Abbey is worthy of consideration. Here is a twelfth-century writer describing the situation of the place: "Precipitous rocks, almost inaccessible even to headlong beasts (of which there are many in this region), encircle the valley and are crowned with airy woods. They afford to him, who looks thence far and wide over land and sea, prospects wonderful in proportion to the height from which they are viewed."

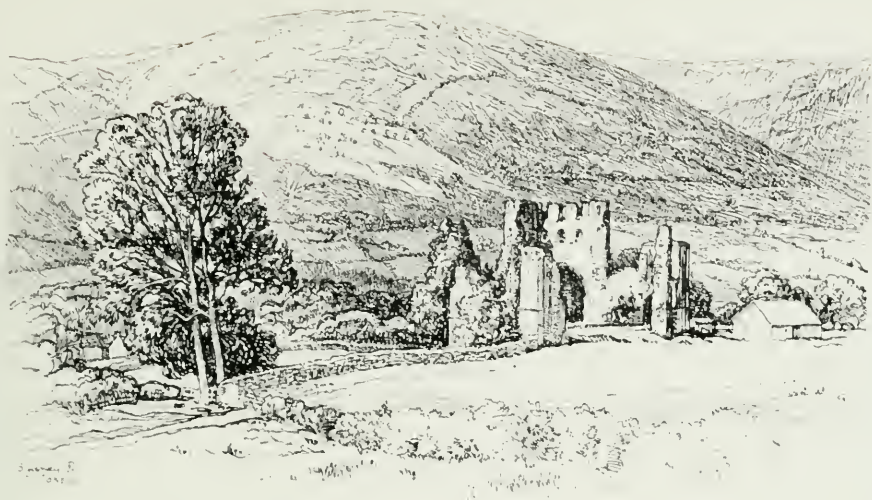
Katharine Clausen's *A Welsh Valley* (see below) is cold and grand. To North Wales she goes "at any time" finding the climate merely "cold but invigorating."

Carnarvon Castle (Page 76) is one of the greatest monuments of its kind that has ever been built. Begun in 1283, it has walls seven to nine feet thick, still standing and enclosing an oblong of three acres. There are thirteen embattled towers with five, six or eight sides and surmounted by turrets.

Next to the grandest scenery in Wales, Carnarvon is much frequented by tourists. It has good bathing. Quite near you have the Menai Straits (Page 78), with their "currents marvellous in their colouring as they are vehement in their tides." Beaumaris is about three miles off. It has cheery streets, a grassy sea front, and an ivied castle.



A Welsh Valley. Drawing by Katharine Clausen



*Llanthony Abbey. Pen drawing by Sydney R. Jones
Ludchurch. Etching by P. O. Hodges. (Twenty One Gallery)*





Carnarvon Castle.
Water-colour by Norman Wilkinson, R.I.

Talgarnan. Water-colour by Harry Morley, A.R.W.S.

Alike for its richly verdured slopes, its tree-clad mountains and such cold hills as those at Talgarnan (see below), Wales will always attract artists. There is variety in its appeal to Harry Watson, the sparkle of whose leafy Pembrokeshire woodlands and streams is in contrast with the serene dignity of his lake and mountain landscapes

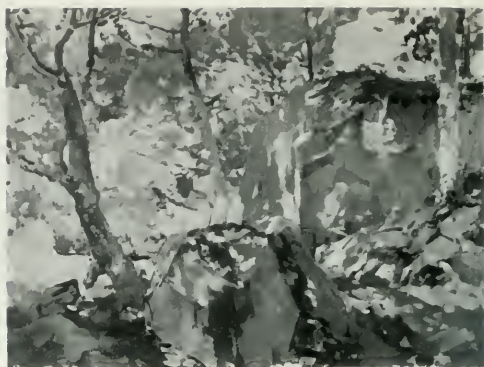
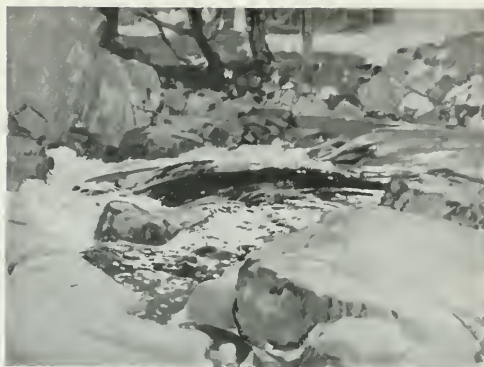




*The Lledr Valley near
Betws-y-Coed. By
Harry Watson, R.W.S.*



*Snowdon. Water-colour by
Norman Wilkinson, R.I.*



Streams and woods of Pembrokeshire. Paintings by Harry Watson, R.W.S.

Below : The Menai Straits. Water-colour by Norman Wilkinson, R.I.

in the Lledr Valley near Bettws-y-Coed (Page 77). Ludchurch (Page 75) is a quiet little spot three miles south-east of Narberth on the Great Western Railway.

Those who have never visited Snowdon may imagine that it is merely height that gives her fame. But hear Mr. A. G. Bradley, in "Highways and By-ways in North Wales"—"It is the great saddle-back, the long ridge which Snowdon flings to the north, and up which the main path and also the new rail-road travels, that towers such a formidable height above us. The further side is comparatively smooth, but this one is a tumultuous chaos of rock and crag, as if Titans in some burst of fury had been rending cliffs and flinging their fragments far and wide over miles of a slope that is just sufficiently off the perpendicular to lend them a precarious lodgment. . . . What lends much charm to these wild scenes, too, when the sun does touch them, and in no sense detracts from their sombre humours when it does not, is the brilliant colouring that fills every space and crevice between the blacks and the greys of rock and precipice."





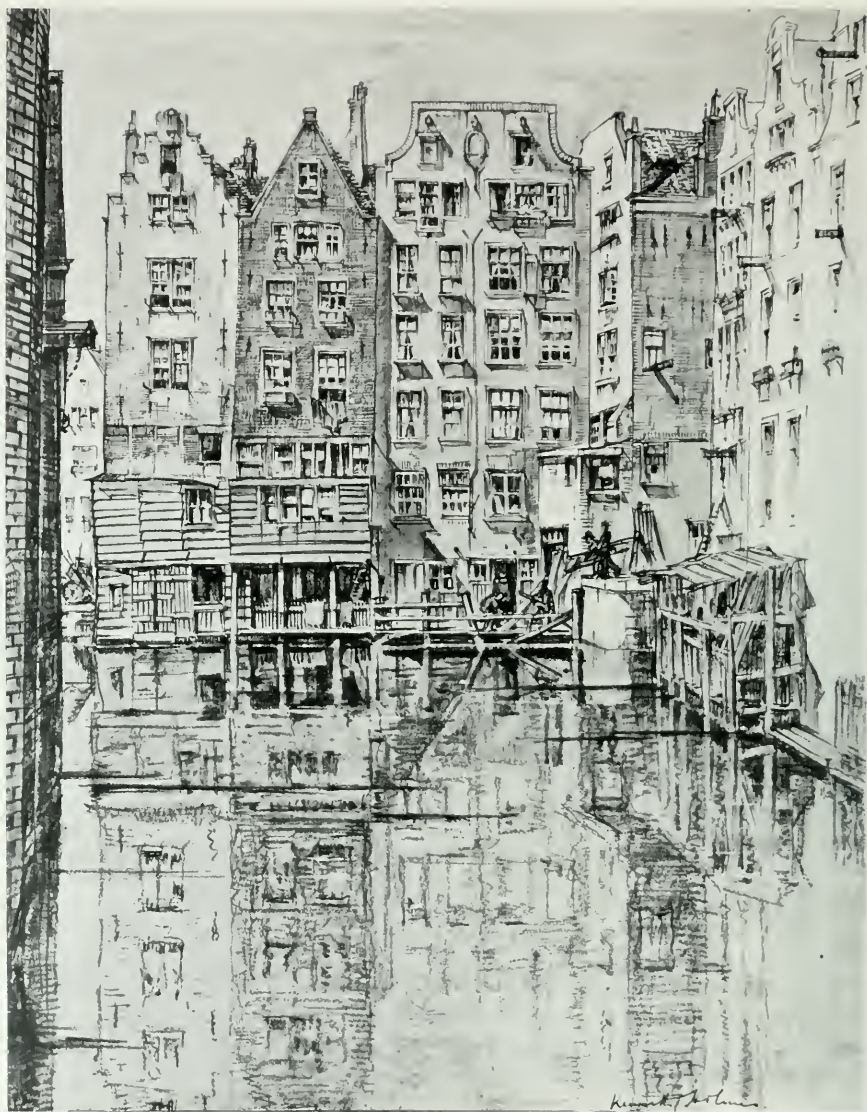
Fresh Breeze on the Maas. Painting by Moffat Lindner, R.O.I.

HOLLAND

AS a sketching ground Holland is the miracle of the world. Cross in spring-time from England by the night service to the Hook and you awake at dawn in a colourless world. Sand dunes and air and sea are one. As the sun fills the sky with light, austerity dissolves into luminosity. Open to the sun there are wide glittering spaces of sea with long lines of curving spume. In the cold canals the clean houses are clearly mirrored. Shadows cut like a blade across the daylight. Willows, that will soon trail their plumes in the waters, are beginning to break bud.

And if the need for colour is in your soul, go north. Towards Haarlem the train goes through the bulb-fields. Like the flag-emblems of planets or of solar systems they shine with blinding radiance for mile after mile. From Haarlem you may take a steam tram to Heemstede and walk through the very fields of colour.

Wind and cloud, chequering the great water-spaces, have a special appeal for Moffat Lindner's *Fresh Breeze on the Maas* (see above) and Dordrecht, the first important stop



AMSTERDAM

*Old Houses. Drawing
by Kenneth Holmes*



*Veere. Water-colour by
Claude Flight, R.B.A.*

ZEALAND

on the Rhine steamer route to Mayence, has a commanding tower that is full of possibilities for good drawing. *Old Houses, Amsterdam* (opposite) is more dignified if less glowing than the houses of Venice, but a resolute draughtsman like Kenneth Holmes makes a good picture of them.

In Zealand the show place is the Town Hall of Middelburg, a four-hundred-year-old late Gothic building, a favourite subject for the etcher, but there are lesser places not to be neglected. Veere, once a flourishing town, now a polite backwater, will yield to Claude Flight corners of quietness (*Veere*, see above) and its life has the animation that means that people are at least making a living for themselves rather than establishing ponderous industries for others.

The Holland of the past, with its picturesque, lolloping costumes, its insanitary Volendams, and its unhurrying fishing fleets, is being challenged by a more virile Holland. The neat villas in the suburbs of The Hague and Amsterdam, as well as the heavy modern architecture of warehouses and banks and housing schemes (evidence of the wealth the Dutch receive from the East Indies), are some compensation (however, we may be shaken by Scheveningen, the Blackpool of Holland) for the Peace Palace and the bleary ecclesiastical architecture of the last few centuries.



Les Arcades, Dieppe. Drawing by Harry Morley, A.R.W.S.

FRANCE



*Les Arcades from
Dieppe Harbour.
Etching by Stan-
ley Anderson, R.E.*



Within the Ramparts. Water-colour by Stanley Anderson, R.E.

ST. MALO



ETAPLES

*Fishing-boats returning.
Water-colour by Moffat
Lindner, R.O.I.*

THE sea journey from Newhaven to Dieppe is about four hours. At times it seems grievously longer. When in the early morning you set foot on land you wonder whether the cafés are just about to close for the night or are in the throes of opening for the morning. Exhausting life this café business. Proprietors and waiters alike seem to live in an uncalendared eternity.

Anyhow, right at the door of France there is something to draw, something to paint; it is the essential foreignness of France. The slovenly blouses of porters, the sloppy-looking but sensibly organised postmen, the omnipresent moustaches; the general impression of eating and drinking as an industry. The announcement-covered gable-ends after half an hour cease to offend or to be noticed.

The Arcades, with their flowing arches and straight columns, lend themselves to

QUIMPER

Pencil drawing by Leslie Carr





Pencil drawing by Leslie Carr

CONCARNEAU

strong treatment, *The Arcades*, by Harry Morley (Page 82), though Stanley Anderson has seen them rather as the framework of a picture in which the shipping of the harbour plays lead, in his *The Arcades, Dieppe*, on the same page.

At St. Malo, easily reached from Southampton, the ramparts on one side have busy streets, and on the other the shore, which, in summer, has countless visitors. The animation and the design of the steps are noticeable in Stanley Anderson's fine etching. (Page 83.)

MONTREUIL



Outside of Montreuil-sur-mer. Painting by Harry Watson, R.W.S.

To the marine artist the north-west coast will always be a great attraction. The sardine fisheries are important here. (*Etaples*, Page 84.) *Douarnenez* (Page 87), with over eight hundred vessels and a magnificent bay, is recognised as the headquarters. *Quimper* (Page 84) is one of the most typical Breton towns. Its cathedral is the most complete Gothic structure in Brittany. *Concarneau* (Page 85), bright with the multi-coloured sails of fishing boats, is a little south, ten miles by rail from Rosporden (near Quimper).

The no-man's land of France is Montreuil. It is the one vulnerable entry from England, Flanders and Germany. "The havoc of war has been its portion," says H. P. Maskell in "The Soul of Picardy," "ever since man first learned to migrate." If only for the figure studies available at its Saturday market, or to see the Cavée St. Firmin, a queer old thoroughfare, it *should* be seen. The countryside around *Hesdin* (opposite), with its ponds and poplars, will be remembered by R.A.F. officers, whose headquarters it was during the war. Hesdin has one of the oldest town halls in France. It is a handsome building in a wide "Place."

Artois, a very old French province, has become bandied about between various owners, but has obvious kinship with the Flemish people next door. (*Courtyard La Charité, Artois*, Page 96.)

On the way to Paris the painter who stops at Rouen may be lost for ever. The

North Porch, Chartres.
Etching by
H. Gordon Warlow



CHARTRES



HESDIN

*Water-colour by
J. McKirdy Duncan*

chief sights of the city are to be found in a small square round the cathedral. Four thoroughfares enclose the best of them : the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, which runs from the railway station to the river, the Quai de la Bourse, opposite the docks, the Rue de la Republique and the Rue Thiers. Within this square, or just outside it, are the Palais de Justice, the ancient Market Place (where the Maid of Orleans was burned), the Grosse Horloge, the Hôtel de Ville, and the churches of St. Omer and St. Maclou. No other town in France contains a better collection of ogival architecture or more exquisite examples of renaissance construction and, for old timbered houses, the finest

Sardine Fishing Fleet. Pencil drawing by Leslie Carr

DOUARNENEZ



*Douarnenez
Sardine Fishing Fleet*



St. Laurent. Etching by H. Gordon Warlow



*La Maison Meline.
Etching by Herman Webster.
(P. & D. Colnaghi)*

PARIS



Quai de Conti, Paris. Etching by William Washington (P. & D. Colnaghi)
L'Institut de France. Etching by Herman A. Webster (P. & D. Colnaghi)



of which is the one near the Quai Boildeau, Rouen is unsurpassed. To find *St. Laurent* (Page 88) from the Hôtel de Ville, go west along the Rue Thiers and you will see it on your right hand standing a little way back from the road behind a group of lime trees.

Of Chartres, an hour or so to the south of Paris, let the artist make a simple statement about a cathedral that is probably the finest in France. Mr. H. Gordon Warlow loves Chartres "with its pure details and archaic statues of real quality set in a small French town with many subjects for the artist." (Page 86.)

It is a little ironical to realise that in France, where the art renaissance of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries took place, the Paris that is most painted and etched is the old Paris. In spring, before the tourist begins to unfold his wings, is the best time to see the French capital.

The artists' Paris has long been dominated by Nôtre Dame. Even Job Nixon could not free himself of its subjugation. On a solid scaffolding of quayside, washing houses, and the Pont Neuf, he has built up a picture with Nôtre Dame, sistered by the Saint Chapelle, and attended at a respectful distance by the Tour St. Jacques. (For the Pont Neuf as mighty masonry, rather than as supporting scaffolding, we can always turn to the etchings of Meryon and Brangwyn.)

And talking of Meryon, is there not an echo of his work in *La Rue des Quatre Vents*, by R. Ray Jones (Page 93), the shadows being dissipated as we leave the level of the narrow streets.

The Quays are a perpetual lure. To appreciate the grace, as well as the dignity of Nôtre Dame, you must view it from the Quai de la Tournelle, though the Quai de Montebello, besides presenting opportunities for the study of a more roving life, also provides an excellent southern view.

In a city where churches jostle one another for breathing space, St. Germain des Près, for interest, if not for beauty, comes next to Nôtre Dame. Parts of it date from the early eleventh century. The lintel is Roman. The capitals in the choir are the archaic contemporaries of St. Julien le Pauvre, and in the sanctuary there are very primitive capitals of the twelfth century, though the nineteenth-century copies in the nave are unconvincing.

It is not, however, because it is the oldest church in Paris, nor because of the pictures by Hippolyte Flandrin, pupil of Ingres, nor because the heart of Boileau is buried there, nor because it overlooks the scene of the September massacres, that Charles Cundall painted St. Germain on a wet day (Page 95). On the Boulevard St. Germain, dominating one of the more thronging backwaters that lie between older Paris and her southern suburbs, beyond the Luxembourg Gardens, there is space enough beneath the tower for the artist to study the tides of humanity as they swirl past or trickle into their homes.

Near so many of her churches and other splendid buildings the housing needs of Paris have grown so rapidly that tenements have crept right up to ancient walls, leaving narrow canyons that have the merit at least of providing deeply shadowed streets that are a delight to the etcher of fine feeling. (*La Maison Meline, Paris*,



ARTOIS

Montreuil-sur-Mer.
By Harry Watson



Pont Neuf. Etching by Job Nixon (P. & D. Colnaghi)

La Rue des Quatre Vents. Etching by R. Ray Jones, A.R.E. (P. & D. Colnaghi)





ST. CLOUD

Water-colour by C. R. W. Nevinson



CHANTEMESLE

Washing Clothes. Chantemesle S. et O. Claude Flight, R.B.A.



S. Germain des Près. Painting by Charles Cundall. (P. & D. Colnaghi)

by Herman A. Webster, Page 88.) Buildings on the river have elbow room; and, like Bonington, Webster saw the possibilities of L'Institut de France. (Page 89.)

Unlike New York, which rebuilds itself every twenty years or so (an extravagant chrysalis habit that the World Crisis may modify in future), Paris seems built for a long lifetime. Buildings are more human. Their demolition seems like death throes. Many buildings, notably on the southern bank of the Seine, have revealed their giant



*Courtyard—la Charité,
Artois. By Letitia M.
Hamilton*

*Vallée de la Pahud,
Isle de Port-Cros.
Towards sunset. By
H. H. Newton. (Fitz-
william Museum)*



PORT-CROS

LE PUY



Le Puy. Etching by Ian Strang, A.R.E.

MOUSTIERS STE. MARIE

Water-colour by Randolph Schwabe



scars for many years as if they were reluctant bourgeois who had committed hari-kari and were an unconscionable time a'dying.

Even the poorest artist (in a financial sense) finds innumerable sketching grounds in Paris. Built upwards rather than outwards in villas, the French capital is much more compact than London. Trams are extremely cheap. The Metro will take you anywhere, first class, for less than threepence. And, where francs are as scarce as the hunger for beauty is avid, there are always the river steamers to St. Cloud (which has a pleasant park with many flowering gardens) for a few coppers a trip.

For artists, this is essentially the ready-made department. C. R. W. Nevinson would, naturally, not be found there. He goes to the river-side, and with the glitter of leaf and the dancing shadows, produces a continental Sunday that is more decorous in spirit than a Presbyterian Sabbath. (Page 94.)

Claude Flight, experimenter in all things, pursues the Seine to quieter places, and lives the life of a cave man in a hole in the river bank that he bought for a pocketful of francs. True to their economical instincts the working women of the Latin races regard rivers as divinely created laundries, and artists who happen to be none too quick at note-taking will find countless docile and (whisper it not in France !) unpaid models in little varying positions for long periods at a time over the week's wash. It is only when a washerwoman suddenly begins beating the clothes (Page 94), that the artist who would translate agitation or ripple and wave into ordered movement must work with rapidity.

Le Puy (Page 97) is famous for its rocky pinnacles, on which parts of the town are built, while Moustiers Ste. Marie presents "such a combination of mountain scenery and architectural features," in the words of Mr. Schwabe, that it cannot be resisted. Moustiers is difficult to reach, but via Grenoble to an obscure station called Manosque brings you within forty kilometres.

For sheer tranquillity in a place devoid of roads (and, therefore, of traffic) try Isle de Port Cros (Page 96), which, with its "unrestrained wildness of vegetation," appeals to H. H. Newton, who would dissuade you from going in the months of July and August, but otherwise instructs that a boat is obtainable from Les Salins d'Hyères.

The northerner who looks on the Mediterranean for the first time is suddenly aware that in the colour nomenclature there is an obvious gap. How is it that there is no such official name as "Mediterranean Blue"? The artist will have subtle answers.

The colour and the light of the Mediterranean are certainly a revelation to the artist whose train has been speeding through hills and valleys the dignity of which was noted by Sir D. Y. Cameron (*Paillol*, Page 101)

Sheltered from the chill winds of the north by the wooded grey hills behind the town, Mentone in spring and early summer is a wonder country. Nor are its attractions confined to its outskirts. Corners, such as the *Place de l'Eglise*, by H. Gordon Warlow (Page 101) are not uncommon. The old town, with its narrow and vaulted streets, lies between it and the old castle, while the new town, with its semi-tropical vegetation and its over-civilised hotels, restaurants and shops, bathing boxes, bathing umbrellas and bathers, stretches a trifle floridly and riotously as far as Cap Martin.



RIVIERA

A Street in Mentone.
By Maresco Pearce



PAILLOL

Drawing by Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A. (Gotszold Gallery)

There is an increasing pilgrimage of painters to the valley of the Lot, where, in the Dordogne, there is to be found at Beynac a glorious feudal castle (Page 103), and, as the river winds south, the old bridge at Espalion and the gorges at Entraygues.

Marseilles is generally exploited for its shipping (*Nôtre Dame de la Garde*, Page 102), which is overlooked by a brutal church and a funicular railway that defies adjectives, but the Corniche road (along which the struggling artist can go miles for a few coppers on the tram !) gives an indication of the reason why the Riviera is adored by northerners.



*Place de l'Eglise. Etching
by Gordon Warlow*

MENTONE



MARSEILLES

*Nôtre Dame de la Garde. Etching
by Job Nixon. (P. & D. Colnaghi)*

SOSPEL

*The eleventh-century bridge.
Etching by Geoffrey Wedgwood,
A.R.E. (Fine Art Society)*





Le Château Féodal, Beynac. Drawing by Adrian Hill

LOT

Except in the hottest weather St. Tropez and Cassis are thronged with painters. Cassis, a favourite sketching ground of Iain Macnab, has magnificent cliffs, but the artist finds it occasionally too windy.

Before going into Italy you will begin to feel Italian influences. The people are swarthier, the names are bandied about in both languages, rocks and bridges and



*Landscape, Cassis.
Woodcut by Iain
Macnab*

CASSIS



Monaco, South of France

F. Marriott

MONACO

Etching by F. Marriott

cypresses are more distinctively Italian. Sospel (about ten miles north-east of Monaco), with its 11th-century bridge (Page 102) and its Gorges de Saorge and de Berghes fairly near, should be seen before Monaco's hold makes excursions impossible. Monaco itself is like a cut jewel. F. Marriott (see above) gives the jewel a setting of great richness. Five years ago Allan MacNab engraved Monte Carlo on copper as a pure design with a bare garden wall as a background. The jewel has many facets.

ITALY

FOR profusion of sheer loveliness sail up Lake Como from Como town at least as far as Bellagio. Go in April or May if the freshness of the verdure and the blaze of colour attract you. The water of the lake will be blue-green and vivid. In the hot summer months the air seems to vibrate with beauty. At every lakeside port where the steamer calls you will vow that here you would like to live for ever. Not until you go to Rome and see the majesty of the giant cypresses at the Villa d'Este will you again see these noble trees more splendidly situated. It is to the romantic spirit that Como and its surrounding mountains makes its appeal, and in this spirit it has been felicitously interpreted by J. Walter West (*Near Sala*, Page 106, and *April in Italy*, Page 106).

Assisi is usually painted frankly as one of the unrivalled hill cities of the world, with its seven-hundred-year-old houses set spaciouly among its olive gardens and crowned by its ruined castle. From the foot of this a magnificent panorama stretches away for league beyond league, with Perugia almost within hailing distance, in a green loveliness that melts into the gold of sunlight.

On the road between Siena (one of Italy's most picturesque towns) and Montepulciano (more famous for its wine than for its church), J. Walter West has been

Rainy Sunset, Assisi. Drawing by Evelyn Gibbs



COMO

*Near Sala, Lake Como.
(In the possession of
Lord Blanesburgh)*

*April in Italy above Lake
Como. (Birmingham Corp.
Art Gallery.) Paintings by
J. Walter West, R.W.S.*

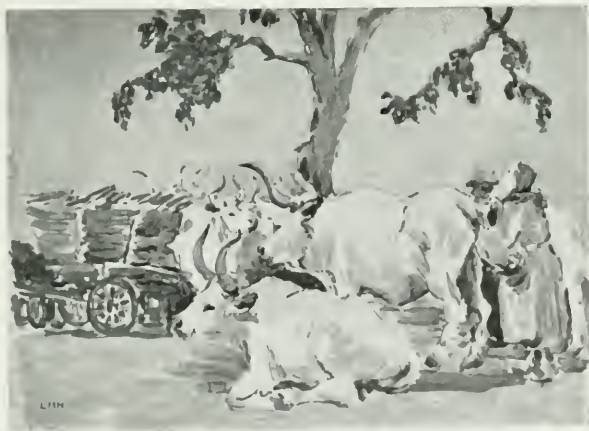




Between Siena and Montepulciano. J. Walter West, R.W.S.

impressed by the great horned cattle who, unlike their English contemporaries, have very little "time to stand and stare."

Venice is the most painted city in the world. Turner saw it in a blaze of glory, Whistler traced it in lacelike, Canaletto set it down as a topographer of genius, Sargent



*Cattle Market. By
Letitia M. Hamilton*

SIENA



*Water-colour drawings of Venice
by William Monk, R.E.*





Sabine Hills. Water-colour by Harry Morley

as a swift recorder of characteristically conventional yet surprising details, Russell Flint has sketched its elfin character, and William Monk, with his broken lights and shadowy obscurities, seems trying to solve her elusive mysteries. (See opposite.)

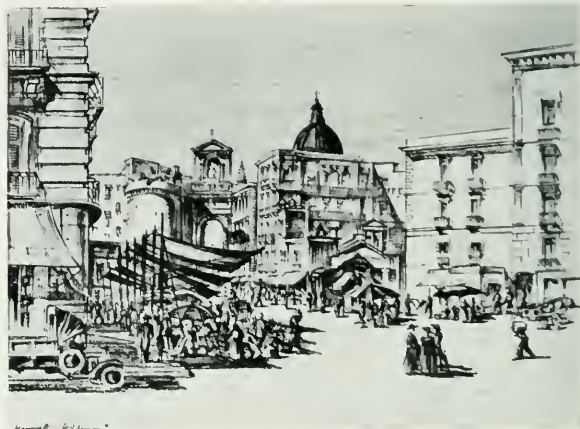
Even if Florence and Fiesole, Ravenna (with San Vitale, one of the most wonderful churches in Italy), San Gimignano, with its festoons of maidenhair fern and its battery of towers, Mantua, with the great machicolated battlements of its ducal palace fronting the lake, and a dozen other places are ignored, the artist in Italy will still be doubtful which way to turn. Almost every inch of Sicily, especially Palermo and the entire coastline to Messina and round to Taormina, is beyond description. As far as Naples, going northwards again, the mountains and the sea ring out challenge after challenge to the painter. It will be as well for him if he goes a little inland before Capri, the last gage of battle, scatters his wits.

The Amalfi Drive, one of the usual tourist excursions from Naples, is best undertaken on a day when the sky is comforted by one or two wandering cumulus clouds. Then on the return journey, as the car winds its way under the perilous rocks and round the threatening precipices, the miracle of the sunset provides the perfect thrill.

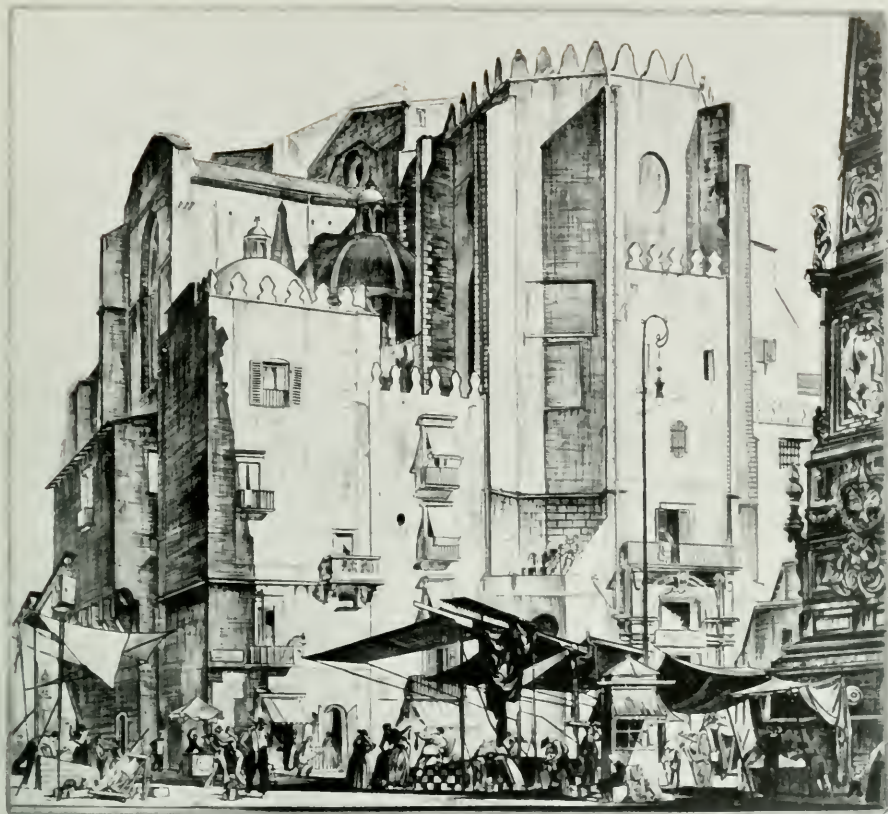
So often has the Bay of Naples been painted that the young untravelled artist may not realise the immense pictorial wealth enclosed within the city itself. Churches



*St. Lorenzo, Naples. Etching
by Geoffrey Wedgwood, A.R.E.
(Fine Art Society)*



*Naples. Drawing by Ken-
neth Holmes. (James Connell)*



The Fish Market. Etching by Geoffrey Wedgwood, A.R.E. (Fine Art Society)

NAPLES

abound and, whether their towers and domes are drawn to provide a dignified contrast to the loose sunblinds over the street stalls (*Naples*, by Kenneth Holmes, opposite), or for their own sake as in the graceful perpendiculars of St. Lorenzo, there is a plenitude of available design. In *The Fish Market*, by G. Wedgwood (see above), the etcher has shown the pattern possibilities in the sunblinds and stall coverings.

There is no space for the merits of ancient Rome. A thousand handbooks speak of them. Go to the Sabine Hills with Harry Morley (Page 109), where you will see, in the attitude of the peasants towards religion, that in some things the centuries make but little difference. Just beyond Tivoli, for gorges and waterfalls, and the Villa d'Este and its cypresses that thrilled Velazquez, there is a scarce-exploited hill town, Anticoli, which Job Nixon has etched in several plates. (Page 113.)

In Rome, Wedgwood has revealed his passion for pattern, as well as the strength

ROME



Trattoria Gatti and San Giovanni e Paolo. Etchings by Geoffrey Wedgwood, A.R.E. (Fine Art Society)





ANTICOLI



Views of Anticoli and Casa Maria, Etchings by Job Nixon. (P. & D. Colnaghi)

of his drawing, in an imposing Flight of Stairs (*The Capitol, Rome*, see below), though his appreciation for a beautifully proportioned centuries-old tower (*San Giovanni e Paolo*, Page 112) does not make him so exclusive that he cannot solve the problem of co-ordinating the roofs and blinds and tables of the humbler eating houses. (*Trattoria Gatti*, Page 112.)

ROME

The Capitol. Etching by Geoffrey Wedgwood, A.R.E. (Fine Art Society)





Calanches de Piana. By H. H. Newton

CORSICA

CORSICA is nearer home. The Air Union will take you by seaplane after an early breakfast at Marseilles and land you safely in Ajaccio Harbour in time for an early lunch. (The line continues through the straits of Bonifacio to Tunis.) The artist who believes he knows every subtlety of the action of light on water should sail to Sicily from Tunis, standing in the stern of the boat and watching the kaleidoscope of the sunset undulating on the rippled waters.

Seen from the air, Corsica looks like a mountain range standing sheer out of the sea. Amid these jostling mountains there seems no room for a village, let alone a town. Along with Naples and Smyrna, Ajaccio is the most magnificent harbour within easy reach of Europeans.

The hill towns of Corsica, like those of Italy, are specially appreciated by artists with a passion for the architectural. Piana may be reached by P.L.M. car, which does the journey from Bastia two or three times a week in about three hours. Piana lies beneath the glowing Calanche rocks (*Calanches de Piana*, by H. H. Newton, see above), with the high mountains behind and the green sea beneath. A Baroque church forms the focussing point of the doll-like houses of rose-coloured stone.

Corte may be reached by train from Bastia. René Juta in his entrancing book "Concerning Corsica," writes: "Corte, like all inland Corsican towns, looks like a forlorn hope or a disaster interpreted in mortarless stone. Exquisitely situated over the Ristonica river, its gaunt blackened houses tower up into pinnacles of ruin. Of all things in this island, the houses have struck me most, giving the key and character of the land and its people." The same characteristics appeal to F. Marriott. In his own words he is impressed by "the picturesque architectural features and the



*Corte, Corsica. Etching by
F. Marriott, R.E.*

way in which the town builds itself up," and these characteristics are strongly and romantically realised in his etching *Corte* (see above).

The best time of the year to visit Corsica is the spring and the winter, though there is plenty of sunshine all the year round.

The *Water Front at Calvi* (opposite) provides that dexterous and dramatic wood-engraver, Iain Macnab, with the opportunity of producing a startling composition in which angles and curves show a disrespect for one another that is singularly striking. Calvi, "where the indignity of labour is fiercely upheld," is described by the worshipping René Jute as "a golden, pigskin colour." After *that*, it suffices to say that Calvi is at the northern end of the island and may be reached by sea and a mountainous coast road from Piana by car in about two and a-half hours.



The Water Front.
Woodcut by Iain
Macnab

CALVI



GERONA *The Gateway to the Hills. By Bertram Nicholls, P.R.B.A. (Barbizon House)*

SPAIN



*Cadaques, Port Algue.
Water-colour
by Russell Reeve*



The Gorge of the Tagus. By C. A. Hunt, R.W.S.

TOLEDO

SINCE we abandoned the gold standard the one country that still gives visitors an excellent financial bargain in actual currency is Spain. For five or six shillings a day an artist can sleep and feed fairly well in even the largest towns and extremely well in the smaller towns. For not too reckless a sum a return ticket to Gibraltar (whence in a few hours African studies in the Souks of Tangiers are



GERONA

*Under the walls of Gerona.
By Bertram Nicholls, P.R.B.A.
(Barbizon House)*

available) may be had, and a circular trip, embracing the important towns in the south of Spain, will yield a rapid variety of material to the artist who cannot settle down in one place and await the patient growth of crops that are granted to the cultivator to whom time does not matter.

Enfolded in a wood, of which most of the trees are English elms (brought from England in 1812 by the Duke of Wellington, whose Spanish estate is in the neighbourhood), stands the Alhambra, reminding one, with its frail columns, of the tent poles of wandering Arab tribes and, with the vivid colours of its arabesques, recalling the carpets that cover the floors of the Arab tents. But the temptation to describe it must be resisted. The Alcazaba is an ancient fortress with a commanding position over the Darro Valley. It looks across at Albaicin, where Boabdil was first proclaimed king in his father's lifetime. The southern terrace of the Alcazaba is laid out in gardens planted with jasmine, arum lilies and sweet-scented stock, and there are palms and cypresses enough to delight the soul of any artist. The mass of great buildings built up above the roofs of humble homes has made a picture for Wynne Apperley, who has lived long in Spain, where he has a big reputation. (Opposite.) A quieter corner of balconied houses (*Calle S. Martin, An Old Patio*, Page 123), and bewilderingly confusing streets with utterly unexpected towers, yield their wealth of colour and design to the unhurrying treasure hunter.

Seville and Cordova are amazing places for painters, and Toledo a very paradise. Right in the heart of Spain, Toledo, and especially the Alcantara Bridge, is probably as much painted and etched as even the Pont d'Avignon and its bastioned city almost on the main route to the Riviera.

Toledo rises sheer out of the gorge of the Tagus (C. A. Hunt, Page 119) and climbs skywards to the top of a granite mountain. Apart from the threadlike isthmus connecting it with the great plain of Castile it is isolate and almost impregnable. With an important Gothic cathedral, splendid rather than beautiful, labyrinthine streets with Moorish towers, sculptured portals and houses as fascinating to paint as they are unacceptable to inhabit, Toledo is a city of surprises. The charm of El Greco's house can be recaptured in similar courtyards in all sorts of unexpected places. If your heart is too weak, avoid Toledo; there seem to be scarcely a couple of metres of level street in the whole town, and its myriads of cobbles make walking a task.

Less visited but becoming better known is Gerona, a town within easy access of Barcelona. The streets are as narrow as the nave of its cathedral is wide. Its span is 74 feet. (York Minster is 52 feet, Nôtre Dame 48 feet, and Cologne 44 feet.) A walled city (not so perfect in this respect as the mediæval Avila within easy access of Madrid), its old defences are most formidable in the neighbourhood of the cathedral and the churches of San Pedro and San Feliu (*Under the Walls of Gerona*, by Bertram Nicholls, Page 119). Ringed with mountains that are themselves the outposts of the Pyrenees, Gerona commands many extensive views (*The Gateway of the Hills*, Page 118). Thirty-two miles north-east of Gerona, Russell Reeve finds pleasure in the tiny seaport of Cadaques (Page 118).



GRANADA

*Old Houses. Water-colour by
Wynne Apperley, R.I.*



The Alcazaba from Albaicin. By Wynne Apperley, R.I.

GRANADA

Making Barcelona a centre (there is no space for the countless artistic virtues of this, the real capital of Spain) the artist who is tempted to tour a little should on no account miss Montserrat. There he will find rose-coloured cliffs of breath-taking beauty.



Calle S. Martin. An old Patio. By Wynne Apperley, R.I.



*Above : Ragusa. By Bertram Nicholls, P.R.B.A. (Barbizon House)
Below : Peasant houses at Travnik, Bosnia. Water-colour by
Ann C. Dallas*

ADRIATIC

ON a recent tour in the Adriatic, Mr. Maxwell Ayrton wrote about Ragusa: "It seems natural to bathe soon after 5 a.m. straight from one's bedroom. The town is still in shadow of the mountains, a pearly opalescent silhouette, gradually changing as the sun rises above the mountains, lighting up the peach-coloured tile roofs and yellow stone ramparts set in a sea of brilliant blue. Breakfast over, work can be started at seven or earlier. . . .

"The city is encircled by continuous rampart walls, with great towers and bastions at intervals, which straggle over the side of the mountain regardless of steep gradients, gorges and



valleys. . . . The paving throughout the town is of orange and pink-veined marble, with deeply channelled gutters. . . . I understand that the most perfect time of the year is May and June."

Mr. Bertram Nicholls, who prefers the spring and the autumn, is tremendously impressed with the "magnificently dominating architecture fronting the Adriatic and set upon the very edge of a rocky coastline of great boldness and variety." His own painting, *Ragusa* (opposite), has a certain regal splendour easily combining brilliance and solemnity.

"The unbroken peasant traditions, the peasant life, the rhythmical pattern of the hill and mountain paths" are among the attractions which Miss Dallas found at Travnik (opposite), a little further south, where she found a "mountain climate, lovely air, rainy in spring, great heat in summer, but cool nights and glorious sunshine." It is just as well to know a little German in this latter district; practically no English is spoken.

CYPRUS

CYPRUS is the third largest island in the Mediterranean. Its area is a little larger than Norfolk and Suffolk combined. There are weekly sailings by vessels of the Khedivial Line between Cyprus and Port Said; the time is nineteen hours. By the quickest route (air excluded) Cyprus is five and a-half days from London. The best season for visiting the monuments and towns is from the end of October till the end of May. The season for Mount Troodos, the only summer resort in this part of the world that offers shady pine forests, cool mountain breezes and air as delightful as that at St. Moritz, is from the middle of June until

Peasants dancing in a Palm Grove. By Keith Henderson, R.A.



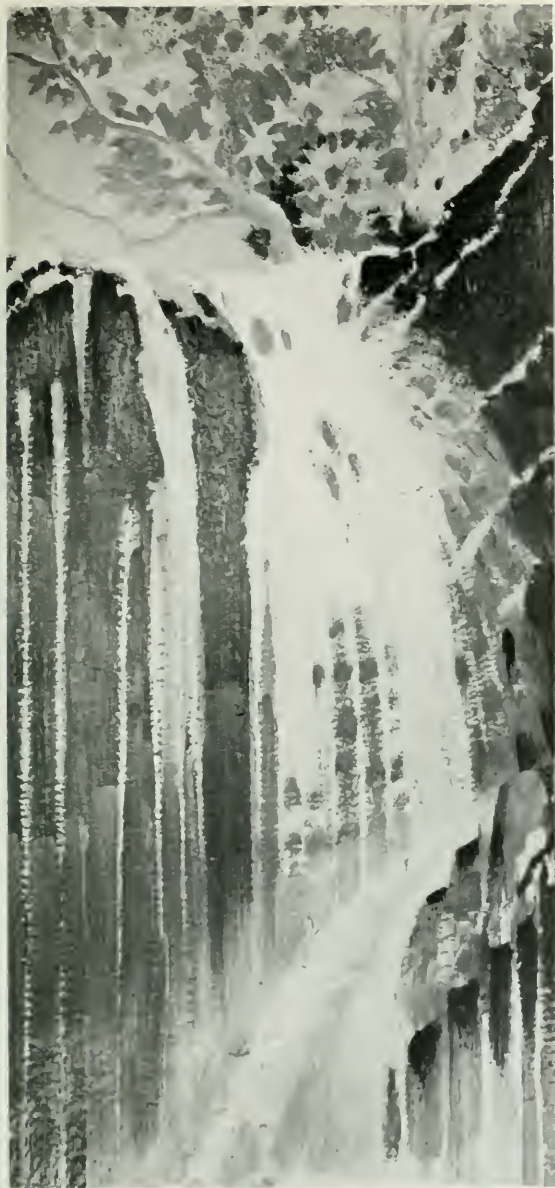
Amiandos from Troodos. By Keith Henderson, R.A. (Collection of Mr. Harvey Mudd)



Above : Kyrenia, St. Archangel. By Keith Henderson, R.A. (In the collection of Rt. Hon. J. C. C. Davidson, M.P., C.B., C.H.)

the middle of October. Hotels are clean and acceptable, but unexciting. There are over one thousand miles of main and secondary motor roads. Cars leave Nicosia (37 miles inland from Famagusta Harbour) for Kyrenia, an excellent sketching district, every week day. The fares vary from three shillings to eight shillings single.

The Kyrenian Mountains are a limestone ridge that runs almost from Cape Kormakiti to Cape Andreas in the extreme north-west. In the middle of the range there is a chain of peaks, some of which are over 3,000 feet in height. Many of these which slope to the sea and to the central plain, or Messaoria, are very steep. The town of Kyrenia itself is small but attractive. It is attached to a huge mediæval castle, and is built round a tiny harbour. The scenery around the town is very beautiful, reminding the visitor, as he drives through the Pass of Agirda from Nicosia, of the Amalfi Drive. Three miles off lies Bellapaise Abbey, a fourteenth-century building with a perfect refectory, which irresistibly reminds one of the refectory at Mont St. Michel, and stands like it on the side of a high cliff overlooking the sea. Below lies the valley redolent with myrtle and wild thyme, and splendid with palms, acacias and oleanders.



Waterfall, Mount Olympus

The Governor's Kavasse. By Keith Henderson, R.A.

The summer seat of the Government is at Troodos. There visitors may sleep in camps under canvas or at the simple hotel. Mount Olympus, the highest mountain in Cyprus, is the object of organised excursions, so also are the Amiandos asbestos mines. The unusual beauty of the island and the glowing warmth of its people have been interpreted with rhythm and freshness by that ceaseless wanderer, Keith Henderson; his unfolding of the Troodos Range (*Amiandos from Troodos*, opposite), and his *Peasants Dancing in a Palm Grove* (Page 125), revealing in different ways the spirit of what one writer called "The Enchanted Island."





Monastery of Meteora ; town of Kalabaka. By Cecil A. Hunt, R.W.S.

THESSALY

LACQUER seas and nights beneath velvet curtains are the reward for the artist who sails through the Grecian Archipelago in summer. At Athens he knows his reward. We owe to exploring painters like Mr. C. A. Hunt the knowledge of others in reach. Let him speak for himself. "Meteora, Thessaly, can be reached by train, or steamer and train from Athens, involving one or two changes, or by car. I did it by car from Athens, about 300 miles over bad roads, field tracks, and no road or track, fording a river or two. It is possible to stay at one of the monasteries or at Kalabaka, or at Larissa, distant four hours by car. But the inns are not as good as the scenery. Vast pinnacles of yellowish-grey conglomerate rock rise sheer out of the hillside; the traveller ascends by steps cut in the rock, by ladders, etc., or by basket hauled up by a windlass. Climate rather too hot in May."





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